

VOL. 12, NO. 60.

CONNELLVILLE, PA., TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 20, 1914.

EIGHT PAGES.

END MONOPOLY, IS WILSON'S AIM; HE GOES AFTER TRUSTS

President Addresses Congress on "Big Business" Legislation.

FURTHER REGULATION URGED

Abolish Interlocking Directorates, Holding Companies and Other Evils, He Tells Senate; Regulation of Railroad Securities also Desired.

By Associated Press.
WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—President Wilson personally led before a joint session of Congress today the fundamental principles of the Democratic administration's program for dealing with trusts and "big business." The President presented the case, he said, as it lies in the thought of the country, reiterating "that private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable" and declaring that conscientious business men throughout the nation would not be satisfied until practices now deprecated by public opinion in restraint of trade and commerce were corrected.

We are now about to write the national articles of our constitution of peace and the President, the nation that is honest and freedom and justice.

President Wilson left the White House at 12:10 to deliver his message on trust legislation. Both House and Senate met at noon and received while the President, two by two, filed over to the hall of the House for the President's address about 12:30 o'clock.

At 12:30 o'clock, the President entered the chamber and the President's address was read by Mr. Wilson. The President's address was read by Mr. Wilson. The President's address was read by Mr. Wilson. The President's address was read by Mr. Wilson.

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Latest Photo of Harry Thaw; Accompanied by His Guard.



HARRY THAW SHOPPING WITH GUARD.

FEDERAL AGENT DROPS HIS PROBE OF CHRISTOPHER CASE

No Evidence to Warrant a White Slave Prosecution, Prosecutor Tells in Report.

Special to The Courier.
MORGANTOWN, Jan. 20.—H. G. Garber, federal investigator, has left Morgantown and dropped his investigation into the charges against Mr. Christopher. He reported to the Washington office that he had no evidence to warrant a white slave prosecution.

At Morgantown the chief persists that Christopher will get well. Some persons doubt that he took the poison, but the Morgantown physicians assert that this is ridiculous.

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UNION ORGANIZER BEATEN AND ROBBED OF PAPERS ON TRAIN

Hagerstown Man Has Documents Stolen on Way to Convention.

By Associated Press.
CLARKSBURG, W. Va., Jan. 20.—J. R. Olden, who said he was a union organizer of Hagerstown, Md., on his way to the convention of the United Mine Workers of America at Indianapolis, was robbed of valuable papers on Baltimore and Ohio train at Hagerstown early today.

He told the railroad men that he was playing cards with a stranger when he was knocked down from behind. When recovering consciousness, he found three men, one of them his companion, in a rooming house. They told him they wanted no money but his papers. He was taken to a rooming house where he was held for ransom.

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FRANCE KICKS TO MEXICO ABOUT INTEREST SUSPENSION

Loan of 1910 Was Secured by 42 Per Cent of Customs Duties, Is the Claim.

By Associated Press.
BRUSSELS, Jan. 20.—The French minister to Mexico today instructed the French minister to Mexico to protest to the Mexican government against the suspension of the payment of interest on the Mexican public debt.

The French note differentiates between the loans of 1910 and 1911. The first of these secured by 42 per cent of the Mexican customs duties received the formal approval of the French government which authorized the letting of the bonds on the Paris Bourse.

BRUSSELS, Bel., Jan. 20.—The International Peace Union whose headquarters are here, is arranging with all of the peace societies of the world to send telegrams on the same day to Provisional President Huerta and General Carranza, the Constitutionalists.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—A fist fight between Representative Johnson of Kentucky and John R. Shields, a Washington attorney, broke up a meeting today of the House committee on District of Columbia.

After the two men had clashed and several blows were struck, Representative Johnson broke away shouting, "Get me a pistol; I'll kill him."

Mr. Shields was knocked down before the fight was over. He was taken to a hospital where he is recovering from his injuries.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—Mrs. Violet Hartman, aged 21 years, known as "the bride of the air," whose marriage in a balloon over the Atlantic Ocean was the opening event of the national celebration here in 1912, died in a sanitarium today of pneumonia.

Her husband, formerly a Miss Violet Davis, she left the school where she was a pupil to carry out the novel marriage ceremony and honeymoon.

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MYSTERY SURROUNDS DEATH OF VANNEAR IN HIS SOMERSET HOTEL

Physician Refuses to Sign Death Certificate; Gives No Reasons.

Special to The Courier.
SOMERSET, Jan. 20.—With the refusal of Dr. Arthur D. Loring to sign the death certificate of Charles S. Vannear, the widely known hotel man who died on Saturday, developments of a startling nature are being unfolded in this much-discussed case.

Widow and Son Take Steps to Prevent Recording of Will, if One Is Found; Father's Fondness for Daughter Is Said to Be Cause of the Trouble.

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SENTENCED TO DEATH CHAIR; KILLED WRONG MAN, HIS PLEA

Mike Mader of Somerset to Die for the Murder of Fellow Countryman.

Special to The Courier.
SOMERSET, Jan. 20.—Mike Mader, 29 years old, was today sentenced by Judge Ruppel to die in the electric chair at the county penitentiary on a date to be fixed by the Governor. Judge Ruppel overruled a motion for a new trial before passing the death sentence.

Mader's plea is unique. He was convicted for the murder of Steve Duda, on June 24, 1913, but contended that it was a case of mistaken identity. He thought that he was killing a rival when he fired the fatal shot, and then learned that the wrong man had been his victim.

The shooting occurred at a party near Roswell. Mader saw Duda with the girl to whom he was betrothed, and mistook him for a rival for her affections.

Before sentence was passed Mader told the court that Mike Garber, one of the witnesses, "had lied about him."

BOARDING HOUSE BURNS
Costly Fire at Markleton Endangers Several Lives.

Special to The Courier.
ROCKWOOD, Jan. 20.—Jumping from the second story window in their night clothes, a half dozen men had narrow escapes from death, when the boarding house near Markleton was burned to the ground about 8 o'clock Sunday night.

The building, which was a frame structure owned by the Enterprise Lumber Company, caught fire in some mysterious way and the lower floors were blazing merrily when the occupants of the rooms upstairs who had retired early were awakened. They had barely time to secure a few belongings and jump to safety before the entire building was in flames.

Neighbors have the department sheltered until another house could be fixed up for their use. Mr. Ross had no insurance.

PAROLED MAN ARRESTED
Pinkerton Man Takes Null to Pittsburg on Charges.

W. H. Jenkins, a Pinkerton detective from Pittsburg, came to town yesterday and took into custody Albert Null, aged 25, who was out on parole from the Huntington reformatory. He did not say on what charge his prisoner was wanted but took him back with him to Pittsburg.

NEW HEALTH BOARD IN LAYMEN'S HANDS IS COUNCIL'S PLAN

Propose That Physicians Shall Not be in the Majority.

ASK BETTER LAW ENFORCEMENT
Doctor's Won't Go After Fellow Members of Their Profession, It is Assured, When They Fail to Obey the Law; Member from Each Ward.

A shakeup in the Board of Health is predicted when council appoints a new body at one of its coming meetings. It is said that the board will be composed of seven members, four of whom will be laymen and the remaining three physicians.

The reason for giving laymen the balance of power on the board is said to be a desire for greater activity in the enforcement of health edicts. With the physicians in the majority it is said there is a reluctance to proceed against medical men for violation of the law and many cases are overlooked.

A luxury in reporting cases of contagious diseases is complained of daily. A fine of \$50 is provided for any physician who fails to report a contagious disease as soon as he diagnoses it as such, yet only today two cards came in Health Officer Rottler directing quarantine of cases and four days old. A card had already been put up on one of the houses, yet the physicians' reports had not been sent in.

A similar tendency toward carelessness in the making of other reports is also noted. Requests for fumigation do not contain the location of the houses. Today the health officer received one entirely blank.

PREPARING PETITIONS
Chamber of Commerce Going After This Non-Taxing to Pittsburg.

John M. Robinson, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, is preparing the petitions authorized by the board of directors at its meeting last week for circulation among the citizens asking all three local railroads to establish a station at Pittsburg. The petitions are being distributed to the citizens by the Chamber of Commerce.

PRIZES ARE AWARDED
A. Overholt & Co. Distribute Cash Among Employees.

A. Overholt & Co. at Broad Ford distributed prizes yesterday to the employees having the neatest uniforms during the year. The uniforms are blue and white, with caps to match, and at the close of the year six prizes, three to the women and three to the men, amounting to \$35 in gold, are given the employees whose uniforms are in the best condition at the close of the year.

WILL ATTEND BANQUET
L. P. Roth to Participate in Washington Bankers' Meeting.

L. P. Roth, president of the Colonial National Bank and one of Connellville's leading financiers, will on Saturday evening attend the banquet of the District of Columbia Chapter of the American Bankers' Association. Leaving Friday by 3 o'clock train and returning on the same train.

THE WEATHER FORECAST.	
Rain in South; rain or snow in North; Wednesday snow and colder; the moon weather forecast for Western Pennsylvania.	
Temperature Record.	
Maximum	43
Minimum	38
Normal	40
The Young river rose from 2.50 to 2.70 feet during the night.	

SOCIETY.

Bridge Luncheon.
A pink and white color scheme was handsomely carried out at a charmingly appointed 1:30 o'clock bridge luncheon at which Mrs. Augustin D. Mason was hostess yesterday afternoon at her home in East Main street. The affair was one of a series of social functions to be given by Mrs. Mason. Covers for sixteen were laid. The attractive centerpiece was a mound of asparagus, lilies and carnations interspersed with mignonette fern. The dining place cards were adorned with girls' heads. Cut glass vases of similar flowers were used in the living room where four tables were called into play for bridge and in the reception room. Prizes were awarded at each table to Mrs. H. L. Carpenter, Mrs. T. B. Connelly, Mrs. W. Hays and Mrs. W. E. Robinson. After the luncheon Mrs. Mason served her luncheon at Mrs. F. W. Miller's home in East Main street.

Elite Club Dance.
The Elite Club will hold a dance Friday evening in the Markell Hall for members of the club.

Meeting Postponed.
The regular meeting of the Junior Chamber of Commerce which was to have been held Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. George Scott on Washington street, has been postponed until Thursday afternoon, January 29.

O. R. C. Auxiliary to Meet.
The regular meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Order of Railroad Conductors will be held tomorrow afternoon at the home of Mrs. L. H. Hays.

Daughters of Hebekeah to Meet.
The daughters of Hebekeah will meet this evening in the hall.

King's Daughters to Meet.
The regular meeting of the King's Daughters of the Methodist Episcopal church will be held this evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Flick in Prospect street.

Choral Club Will Meet.
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hall will entertain the South Side Choral Club, church singing at their home in South Main street.

Dinner at Colonial Inn.
Mrs. S. S. Marshall will entertain at a dinner at the Colonial Inn, 100 South Main street, at 7:30 o'clock.

Guest at Luncheon.
Mrs. F. W. Miller will be the guest of Mrs. John D. Hays at a luncheon at her home at Point Marion.

All Day Meeting.
An all day meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Corinthian Memorial Methodist Church at Dawson, will be held Thursday in the church.

Junior League.
The Junior League of the First Methodist Episcopal Church will meet at 7:30 o'clock in the church.

Annual Winter Picnic.
The annual winter picnic of the Young Men's Association will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Hays in Greenwood.

Family Reunion.
A family reunion was held Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Hays at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hays.

Successful Meetings.
A large crowd attended the evening session of the church in the Methodist Episcopal church. There was a very successful meeting.

Service at Church.
A service is being held at the church at 7:30 o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

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PERSONAL.

Mrs. E. P. Snyder and children, Alice and Catherine, are the guests of Mrs. Snyder's mother, Mrs. Alice Kuhn, Melvyn of McKeesport today.

Mrs. John Humbert is visiting in Pittsburgh today.

Mrs. John Fleming of Somerset, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Fleming, returned home this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Melvin Gies, Mr. and Mrs. William Bull will witness "The Lady of the Shalott" tonight at the Nixon Theatre, Pittsburgh. Tomorrow afternoon they will attend the automobile show.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick O'Toole are in Pittsburgh today.

Mrs. C. J. Schuyler will leave tonight for New Orleans to visit her cousin, Mrs. Anna Herbert. She will be absent about two months.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Porter of Seaside, Ore., are in town this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Holt of Humbert, returned home this morning after a visit in town.

Health and Happiness Week February 8-13. Plans for it are being made.

Harry Shaffer of Uniontown was in town yesterday on business.

Mrs. John Rogers and baby of Rogers Mill are the guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Adams of Green street.

Mrs. Isaac Leather and daughter of South Connelville, were the guests of the former's sister, Mrs. Wilbur Henson of Uniontown yesterday.

Mrs. T. H. Meigs and daughter, Ruth and Esther of Mount Braddock, Pa., are the guests of Mrs. Mary Freed of Vanderhill.

Mrs. Sarah Barnhart and daughter, Mrs. Frank Egan, are visiting the former's mother, Mrs. Sarah Ringler at Uniontown.

Mrs. Alice M. Rankin went to Fairmont yesterday to visit relatives for several days.

Mrs. Robert Norris went to Pittsburgh this morning where she will join her daughter, Miss Ruth and Helen Norris, who have been visiting in Pittsburgh. Later in the week Mrs. Norris and Miss Helen Norris will leave for Warren, Pa., to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Kurtz left this morning for a visit in Brownsville, Tex.

Mrs. Sarah Lint of Scotland, and daughter, Miss Anna, were married Saturday night by Squire D. R. Kinnell of Akron. It was the first marriage ceremony performed by Squire Kinnell.

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DEATHS OF THE DAY.

David A. Byers.
David A. Byers, a veteran of the Civil War, died yesterday at Indiana, Pa. Funeral tomorrow afternoon at 1:30 o'clock from the residence of W. W. Byers of Perryopolis.

Mr. Byers was 71 years old and was born March 27, 1842. He resided in Dunbar and Franklin townships for a number of years and is well known among most of the war veterans of Connelville. He enlisted in Company 25, 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry, in the fall of 1862 and served throughout the war. Death was due to the infirmities of old age.

Mrs. Lucinda McMann.
Mrs. Lucinda McMann, 35 years old, died yesterday at her home at East End following a lingering illness. The body was removed by funeral director J. E. Sims to the home of her sister Mrs. M. Sayre at Connelville, where it will be held tomorrow afternoon at 1:30 o'clock, with interment in Mount Olive cemetery.

Mrs. McMann was a daughter of George and Mary Puckett and was the wife of Charles McMann, who with eight children survives.

Charles Huston.
Frank Huston of Uniontown received a telegram last night from Columbus, Ohio, announcing the death of his brother, Charles Huston, 78 years old. Mr. Huston was born in Uniontown but removed to Columbus many years ago. Mrs. John Kennedy, widow of Charles, is a sister.

Thomas J. Irish.
Thomas J. Irish, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. John Irish of Monaca, died yesterday of bronchitis pneumonia. Burial this morning from St. John's church with interment in St. John's cemetery.

Mrs. Mary Brock.
Mrs. Mary Brock, 82 years old, a well known resident of Fayette county, died Sunday at the home of her son, John Brock, near Rock.

Mrs. Brock was the widow of John Brock, who died many years ago. She was the mother of John Brock, who died many years ago. She was the mother of John Brock, who died many years ago.

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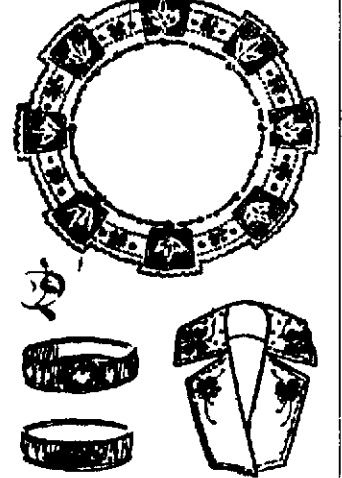
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ARTICLES WHICH MAY BE MADE BY THE CLEVER NEEDLEWOMAN.



Something new in center pieces is shown here today. Of heavy linen the medallions are of flat crochets, the little motifs within the two lines of elliptical eyelets are of punch work while the inner circle is of satin-stitch with occasional eyelets of two sizes. A pretty collar and revers is also shown, made of earth-colored corded silk piped in self-tone satin and richly embroidered in tones of blue and green. The new corsetless figure has made for many ultra-fashionables a return to the round garter imperative. A sketch is given here of two designs of gathered satin ribbon with decorations of silk roses and leaves.

Wants Damage for Forest Fire.
ROCKWOOD, Jan. 20.—J. D. Baker, a farmer of Millford township, has entered suit against the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company to recover damages to the amount of \$250 which he claims was caused by forest fire along the Baltimore & Ohio tracks on his property caused by sparks from passing engines.

Connellville Wins.
The Connellville team defeated Uniontown at basketball at the West Side rink last night. Dancing followed the game. The attendance was large.

Will Entertain at Fancy Work.
Mrs. H. D. Shellenberger will entertain the Vanderhill Fancy Work Club tomorrow afternoon at her home at Vanderhill.

WANT MINER TAKEN OVER.
Labor Unions Ask Government Control in the Copper District.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—That the government take immediate steps to acquire possession of the copper mines and operate them under "union conditions" was the demand of resolution in resolutions throughout the country which poured today in Congress.

STOPS A THROBBING HEADACHE AT ONCE.
Don't Suffer! Get a 10 Cent Package of Dr. James' Headache Powder and stop Headache or Neuralgia Pain.

When your head aches you simply must have relief or you will go wild. It's needless to suffer when you can take a remedy like Dr. James' Headache Powder and relieve the pain and numbness at once. Send someone to the drug store now for a dime package of Dr. James' Headache Powder. Don't suffer. In a few moments you will feel fine—no more headache—gone—no more neuralgia pain—Adm.

Married by Squire.
Miss Sarah Lint of Scotland, and daughter, Miss Anna, were married Saturday night by Squire D. R. Kinnell of Akron. It was the first marriage ceremony performed by Squire Kinnell.

Never have a front view photograph taken if you don't want a look like you'd been caught in a guano net.

Abe Martin.

Never have a front view photograph taken if you don't want a look like you'd been caught in a guano net.

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OUT GOES EVERYTHING

If you need homefurnishings, get them here during our Reorganization Sale at Factory Cost

Bed Room Suites Dining Room Suites

PIANOS

ROCKERS

PICTURES

DISHES

STOVES

RUGS

CARPETS

LINOLEUM

CURTAINS

BRASS BEDS

MATTRESSES

SPRINGS

DAVENPORTS

PARLOR SUITES

DRESSERS

CHIFFONNIERS

BOOK CASES

COUCHES

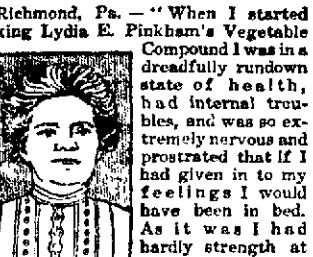
All Goods Stored Free of Charge and Delivered When Wanted.

Wallace Furniture Co.

154-158 W. MAIN STREET, CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

WOMAN WOULD NOT GIVE UP

Though Sick and Suffering; At Last Found Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Richmond, Pa.—"When I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was in a dreadfully rundown state of health. I had internal troubles, and was so extremely nervous and prostrated that if I had given in to my feelings I would have been in bed. As it was I had hardly strength at times to be on my feet. I could not sleep at night and of course felt very bad in the morning, and had a steady headache. "After taking the second bottle I noticed that the headache was not so bad. I rested better, and my nerves were stronger. I continued its use until it made a new woman of me, and now I can hardly realize that I am able to do so much as I do. Whenever I know any woman in need of a good medicine I highly praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. FRANK CLARK, 3146 N. Tulip St., Richmond, Pa.

FAMOUS TOPICS.

Can He Afford to Go In Debt, Is Discussed by Club.
"Can a Farmer Afford to Go In Debt for Improvements for Machinery and Other Farm Implements?" was the subject for discussion Saturday at the regular meeting of the Union Farmers' Club of Fayette County held at the home of T. C. Smith near Dunbar. The subject was discussed at length by David Junk and other members of the club and the general opinion was that it depended altogether on the man.
A query, "How Can a Farmer Secure Better Fence Wire and Hoofing Material?" was discussed. Readings were given by J. H. Junk, W. H. Bryson and Mrs. John Gilchrist. It was the first meeting of the new year.

OLD FOLKS ILL.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Eli Huston Continued to Home at Dawson.
Mr. and Mrs. Eli Huston are ill at their home at Dawson. Mrs. Huston has been suffering from sciatic rheumatism for the past week and on Sunday night Mr. Huston was taken suddenly ill of heart trouble. Both are confined to their bed.
Mr. Huston is a Civil War veteran and is 80 years old. Up until his late illness he had enjoyed good health. Their condition is somewhat improved.

Marry in Cumberland.
George David Coffman of Huntington and Mary Jeannette Decker of Smithfield; Walter A. Lamm and Lydia Stuyvesant, both of Uniontown, were married in Cumberland yesterday.

Licensed to Wed.
Charles O. M. Reid of Los Angeles, Cal., and Lillian Mitchell of Connelville, were granted a marriage license in Pittsburgh yesterday.

Try our classified advertisements

Complete \$5.00 Outfit

BAILEY'S VERY SHARP RAZOR AND AUTOMATIC STROPPER.

COUPON, JANUARY 20, 1914.
This coupon and one other of consecutive date, and 25 cents gets this excellent combination shaving outfit, consisting of one Silver-plated Razor, Two Very Sharp Fine Steel Blades, and One Automatic Stropper.

You'll Never Need to Buy Another Blade.

Present the above coupon at The Courier office with ONE OTHER OF CONSECUTIVE date and 25c and get this outfit.

DON'T THROW AWAY YOUR DULL SAFETY RAZOR BLADES. AUTOMATICALLY SHARPENS AND KEEPS SHARP.

ANY RAZOR IN THE WORLD.

It sharpens the ordinary old style razors, any size or make. It also sharpens all safety razor blades, including the Curley, Gillette, Yankov, Arnold, Parker, Gillette, Keen-Cutter, Star, Remo, Gem, Junior, Enders, Clark, King, Waco, Ward, Yale, Star, Gem, Auto Strop, Sharp Shaver, Mark Cross, and others.

There is no trick about stropping your razor—not with the Bailey's Automatic Stropper, which is built on practical lines. The correct position of the blade positively guarantees a cutting edge.

By mail on same terms but includes 10 cents additional for postage.

They're Coming Back

Our best advertisement is our host of satisfied customers. Our best evidence that "After

CONNELLSVILLE'S MOST DEPENDABLE HOME FURNISHERS

The Daily Courier.

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice, Connelville, Pa.

THE COURIER COMPANY,
Publishers.

H. E. SNIDER,
President and Managing Editor
J. H. STIMMELL,
Secretary and Treasurer
Advertising and Circulation Manager

TUESDAY EVENING, JAN. 20, 1914.

FANCY AND FACT.

The official organ of the Bar-fanciers, and incidentally the Fayette Democrat, has a hard task allotted to it. Just now, namely, that of convincing the public with the germ of optimism in the teeth of the fact that the peppy Democratic Tariff has reduced the volume of the Connelville coke business of half and in like proportion put down furnaces and mills all over the country.

We are told in large type that "men who know best" assure us that the country is not suffering from a Democratic Tariff. They have bravely "outed the idea of the Tariff being responsible" for present conditions.

Just like that our optimistic contemporary has a hard task allotted to it. But the inquisitive public is apt to inquire: If the Democratic Tariff is not responsible for the depression in industrial circles, who or what is responsible?

Upon this subject, the News is silent. Official Optimism is dumb. In fact a feeble attempt is made to convince the public that prosperity is undisturbed and all the talk of the country is a Republican invention.

The News will be unable to convince the hundreds of men in the Connelville coke region who are working three and four days per week and earning only one half to two-thirds wages, or the thousands of men about the 14th mills and furnaces who have no jobs at all.

It is not necessary for Republican newspapers to magnify industrial conditions which are much too sorry now for comfort. Attention is drawn to them reluctantly not eagerly, in sorrow not in anger in justification, not in rejoicing.

The conditions are shared by Republicans and they are deplored by them as citizens as well as partisans. Just as ardently as the Democrats do they hope for better times, but none the less vigorously do they denounce the political party which, without investigation and without warrant, recklessly violently and with wicked intent to punish the industries which had hitherto refused that party their political support, passed a Tariff bill which halted a gratifying national prosperity and gave us dull times instead.

We do not have to go far from home to find proof of all this. Before the Democratic party came in power the Connelville region couldn't get enough men to make such coke to meet the demand, now the coke men are an army thousands of them are shut down and what is left of them are running hard times.

THE TANGO.

The property not to mention the marvels of the new dances particularly the tango, is seriously discussed in a very wise article. A certain class of our good citizens have always expressed an opinion in any form, and his opinion really held that all forms of round dancing are more or less evil. If the father of the Johnstown Democrat is not one of these, he cannot be called a prude; on the contrary his views of life are always to be found here in what he says of the tango.

It is a well for adult press to give a place on a feature dance to the tango. It is a well for the tango to be given a place in the press. A certain class of our good citizens have always expressed an opinion in any form, and his opinion really held that all forms of round dancing are more or less evil. If the father of the Johnstown Democrat is not one of these, he cannot be called a prude; on the contrary his views of life are always to be found here in what he says of the tango.

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recently sailing around among the clouds, when it hit the earth, or maybe it was the banging of Bill Flinn's safe door when somebody said Governor to him again.

Mount Pleasant ought to buy a pair of these two-cent bloodhounds.

Why don't the United States Steel Corporation sell out and form a Bogen ball Trust?

Edwin R. Stewart has been suggested as a candidate for Governor again. Good men have come back to Harrisburg from Philadelphia. There was Robert Emory Patton, for example.

Fayette county will be out of debt in 1915. It was never very far in during recent years.

It doesn't make an editorial column any more forcible to set it in wide measure and big type, but it makes a bolder appearance, and it helps to fill up.

The secret of Henry Ford's profit-sharing proposition is out. He thinks he has discovered perpetual motion.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

One Cent a Word.

No Advertisement for Less Than 10 Cents.

Classified columns close at noon. Advertisements of waste, suit, etc., received after that hour will not appear until the day following.

Wanted.

WANTED—YOUR BARBERING BUSINESS. REVENUE. 17Jan20

WANTED—A GOOD OPPORTUNITY for a teacher. No last time. Address WILSON MODERN BLDG CO. Wilson, Pa. 17Jan20

For Rent.

FOR RENT—A ROOM HOUSE WITH electric light and water. Inquire WADE MARITTA. 17Jan20

FOR RENT—A STORE ROOM WITH 3 room flat over in a bank building, 15 miles from city. Great opportunity for clothing and shoes. Lock box 1404, Pittsburgh, Pa. 17Jan20

For Sale.

FOR SALE—SOUTH CONNELLSVILLE lots. Convenient, cheap, easy terms. Inquire at THE COURIER OFFICE.

FOR SALE—WHEELER'S WATCHES. proof makes boots and shoes wear longer. 100 prepaid. WERNER DISTRIBUTING CO., Somerset, Pa. 17Jan20

FOR SALE—MOTORCYCLE. 17Jan20

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PAINTING, ASTROLOGER, MISS ST. Germaine, Wyman Hotel, room 24. Hours 10 to 9. Hands cards astrology. 20 cents. Cards, 25 cents. Have decided to remain until Sunday. 17Jan20

Administrative Notice.

I, D. Munson, Attorney, IN TEST OF JAMES M. HUNGARD, deceased. Letters of administration on the estate of James M. Hungard, late of Indian Head, Fayette County, Pennsylvania, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate settlements, and to those having claims against the same, to present them, properly authenticated, for settlement. IDA M. BOWLIN, Administratrix, 540 E. Gibson avenue, Connelville, Pa. 20Jan20

FOR SALE—HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE. Call Bell phone 934. B. B. STRICKLER, 214 N. Seventh street. 20Jan20

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FOR SALE—HOUSEHOLD FURNIT

BROADWAY JONES

FROM THE PLAY OF
GEORGE M. COHAN

EDWARD MARSHALL

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

"And now," said Wallace, who had sat, at first incredulous, and, later, spellbound during the recital, "you are fifty thousand dollars in debt!"

"I don't know the exact amount, but that's a fairly good guess."

"You've been pretty quiet about it. It hasn't seemed to worry you much?"

"Hasn't worried me?" Broadway's voice was bitter. "Well, I don't mind telling you that I have just come out of the first sound sleep I've had in weeks. I'll bet I walked to Chicago and back every night the first month I was broke."

"I don't understand."

"I mean if you had measured up my carpet by the mile, I thought so much and worried so much that I didn't dare trust myself alone. I had the world set ideas. I did the craziest things. Do you know that I belong to the Salvation Army?"

"What?"

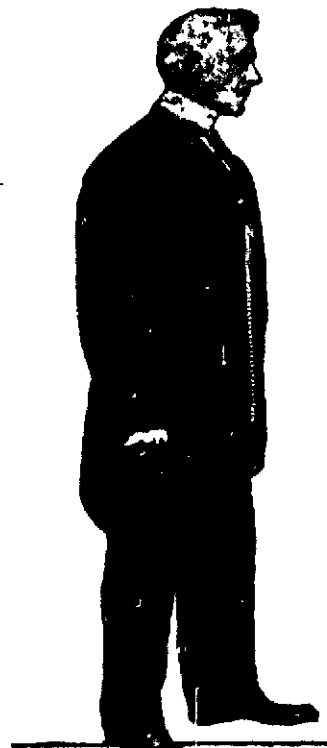
"On the level, I went to Newark and joined one night."

"What was the idea?"

"I thought it might help me forget my troubles. I played the bass drum for two nights and couldn't stand it any longer. Er—have you ever been in Newark?"

"I've been through there on the train."

"That's bad enough. Guess what I suffered! I got off the train! Oh, you can't realize what I've been through."



Peter Pembroke.

Bob! I've made a bluff and pretended to be happy all the time, but, believe me, old pal, there have been times when I've started for the Brooklyn bridge—and I won't tell you about a bottle of poison and a gun full of lead which I considered using. I didn't care about the money I'd spent, what worried me was that running in debt, day after day, with no chance of repayment.

"But you kept on accepting credit?"

"And it was wrong—dead wrong! But—well, I guess it must be in my blood. I couldn't help it."

"How about your uncle?"

Broadway laughed, a cackling, scornful laugh.

"He's a rich man. Have you tried him?"

"Yes; tried him and found him solid. I wrote and told him I was short of ready cash after I had spent the pittance that he paid me for my interest in the Jones' gum. I asked him if he wouldn't lend me, say, ten thousand dollars."

"Did he answer?"

"Sure, he answered. Sent me a pack of gum and the advice 'Chew this and forget your troubles.' He's to Europe now. He's worth a million, if he's worth a nickel, and he bought me out for practically nothing."

"Sluggo?"

"Sluggo? He's so mean that every time he's asked to have a drink he takes a clear and then saves up the liquor, puts them in old boxes, and gives them away for Christmas presents."

"Where have you been getting enough for tips and pocket money?"

"I sold that big French car I said was in dead storage. And do you remember that I said I'd lost a lot of jewelry? I had it. I had pawned it. How's my work, eh?"

"You're a wonder! I've got to hand it to you. But why didn't you consider the money you could have made on the money market?"

"I didn't have enough courage to consider it, anyone. I could only keep on hoping that some miracle would

happen. I've thought of nothing except money and how to get it."

"And, Bob, last night, at that banquet table, I sat looking at Mrs. Gerard, thinking of her millions and wondering what she'd say to me if I should tell my story, trying to pluck up nerve enough to take her into my confidence and see if she wouldn't help. That's how it started. I didn't realize what I was doing, but I must have been staring at her for ten minutes when she called a waiter who, presently, handed me a note."

"What did it say? Was it from her?"

"Yes, and it said: 'Way do you stare at me so?'"

"Did you answer it?"

"Yes."

"What did you say?"

"Oh, I couldn't help it—I was desperate. I said 'Because I love you!'"

"And she answered?"

"Yes, I love you, too."

"And you wrote?"

"Not as much as I love you. We had quite a correspondence. Seven or eight notes each way."

"Who sent the last one?"

"She did, and it said: 'Will you marry me?'"

"She really proposed to you?"

"On the level, and I didn't say a thing. The letter carrier lost his job right there. For fear she'd change her mind before the next mail arrived I leaned across the table and yelled: 'Yes!'"

"I'd gone, you know. Exactly what then happened?" Wallace asked.

"She fainted, general excitement, smelling salts; she slowly came back to her senses. Then the usual speech: 'Where are you?' That was my cue of course—although it hurt! Embrace, kiss, announcement to the dinner party; wild applause. Then somebody ordered 30 cases of wine."

"And the next thing I remember is old Rankin calling me when you came here today. What do you think of all of it?"

"It's terrible. You can't afford to let it go any further."

"I can't afford to do anything, without signing a tab for it," said Broadway ruefully.

"You can do something. Haven't you any 'get up and go'?"

"That seems to be all that is left for me—to 'get up and go'—as far as possible—unless I marry her."

"If you'd go to work you'd have the makings of a business man."

"If I went to work I wouldn't have the makings of a cigarette."

"How do you know? You haven't tried. I'll get you a job."

"Where?"

"With my firm, on my recommendation."

"You'd lose your reputation?"

"I'll see the governor tomorrow. I can get you, probably, five thousand a year to start with."

"Five thousand a year? How could I stay here in New York on that? I pay more for this apartment! I owe ten times that much, right now?"

"I've got twenty thousand dollars of my own. I'll lend you that."

"I'd never be able to pay it back."

"That doesn't make any difference."

"Yes, it does," said Broadway stubbornly. "Even though you loaned me enough to pay up all I owe, I'd owe you, wouldn't I? What's the odds whether I'm in debt to you or to the other fellow? I'd never get even with the world that way."

"But you mustn't marry her; it isn't right."

"How do you mean?"

"Would you do anything so low, and so contemptible, as to marry a woman deliberately for her money?"

Broadway shrank a little, then rose in self-defense. "Who says I'm marrying her for her money?"

"You know you don't love her."

Broadway answered hotly. He felt that he must answer hotly. It was the only thing remaining for him.

"I don't know anything of the kind! Now, you see here, suppose you were in trouble. Wouldn't you love anyone who'd come along and help you out of it?" He sighed. "Besides, it's too late now. The engagement's been announced."

Wallace was intensely stubborn. He would not have this thing. "Engagements are broken every day in the week," he argued earnestly.

Broadway made a gesture of dissent.

"Now, you leave it all to me," said Wallace soothingly. "I'll have a talk with Mrs. Gerard, and I'll guarantee to prove to her that it's all an utter impossibility. You needn't enter into it at all. I'll take the whole thing on my shoulders, and—"

Broadway shook his head sympathetically, although regretfully. "No, there's no use, Bob. I told you I wouldn't listen to any argument against it. My mind is quite made up, and that's all there is to it." He pulled a yellow bank note out of his pocket. "See this? A hundred dollars. That's my bank roll."

Wallace went to him with friendly warning. "You'll lose every friend you ever had in all the world!"

"No; I won't; people with money

"I know one you'll lose," said Wallace gravely.

"You?"

"Yes, unless you tell me within the next 24 hours that you've reconsidered all this rot, and that you're going to fight things out the way a real man should. I'll never speak to you again!"

"Bob!" Broadway actually paled.

"That goes. Is it setting me anything—this giving you advice? Will it put a dollar in or out of my pocket whether you marry that old woman or not? You're nothing to me except a friend and a pal; but I don't want to see you do something you'll regret for all the balance of your life. I'm sorry you're in trouble, and there isn't any-



"You're Not Sore at Me, Bob, Are You?"

thing I won't do to help you. I'll go the limit in everything I've got. But, if you don't give up all idea of that marriage, never expect the friendship of a man who has any decency or self-respect."

"That's all I've got to say. Now, I'll be going."

CHAPTER VI.

Broadway hurried to the angry and disgusted man and put his hand upon his arm. He was rather badly fussed by this uncompromising attitude.

"Wait a minute, Bob," he urged. "Don't go off like that. That was an awful thing you just said to me. I—I had a wild night. Give me a chance to think."

"All right," said Wallace, not very graciously. "Go ahead—think! It's about time you began to think."

He sank into a chair, his gloomy face regarding Broadway with small favor, his angry fingers tapping on a table top.

Broadway was very nervous. Realization was becoming vivid of the fact that he had not been wholly admirable in his general course.

"Don't you suppose I know it's a shabby thing to do? He urged, "But, great Bob, look at the fix I'm in!"

Wallace made a gesture of negation. It was clear that he refused to grant that anything could excuse his friend's course with the widow.

"You're not sore at me, Bob, are you?" Broadway pleaded.

"I've said my say. You've heard my opinion."

"Do you think everyone will feel that way about it?"

"Of course."

Broadway was distressed beyond his feeble power of explanation. Facing up and down, he mumbled:

"If it wasn't for those debts! If it wasn't for the bills I owe!"

"You don't know the exact amount?"

"No."

"Why haven't you added them up?"

"I haven't had time. I've been—too busy."

"Going what?"

"Now don't give me the third degree, please! Look here! I'm so nervous that I'm trembling like a leaf."

"Where are those bills?"

"In the little room, in my desk."

"Would you mind if I looked them over?"

"No; I wish you would. You will do that, Bob?" He was as eager as if examination of them by his business-headed friend would mark each one accepted. "But, say, Bob, suppose I take your advice and call the thing off. What am I going to say to Mrs. Gerard?"

"You won't have to say anything. I'll handle her."

"Well, what would you say to her?"

"Will you please leave that to me? Go over there and sit down. Do some more thinking. You've got many a thing coming to you, young fellow! I'm going to see how much you owe the world."

And Broadway did exactly as he ordered, looking after him almost as a child might after some one had assumed full charge of tangled, juvenile affairs.

Suddenly he realized that some outstanding bills would not be among the mass which Wallace was examining. He would try to get them in. He wished to know the worst, now that he was at it. He went over to the telephone and called up a certain famous restaurant. After he had told the manager to make out his bill for the previous evening's entertainment and let him know the total, he sat waiting, with the receiver glued tight to one ear, and, when Rankin entered, called him to him.

"You'd better look around for another job, Rankin."

The butler almost fainted. "Hasn't my service been satisfactory, sir?"

"Oh, yes; everything has been all right; but, you see, Rankin, I'm going to leave town. I—er—expect to do a lot of traveling."

He gazed at Rankin anxiously. He hoped this would be easy. The worry

on his face and the cramped position necessary to listening at the telephone and watching the butler closely gave him a pitiful expression. He looked as if he pained.

When Rankin said, respectfully, that, if Mr. Jones was traveling he should like to travel with him, Jack son was annoyed.

"I'd like to have you, Rankin," he said, warmly. "But, you see, I expect to spend some time in Japan, and I've got to have some one who understands the language."

That was a poser. He congratulated himself. That would settle Rankin and get rid of him with no hard feelings. He was really rather fond of Rankin.

But not "I speak Japanese very well, sir," and the extraordinary butler with a calm which vouched for his veracity. "I was in service with two Japanese for over five years, and I you think of China, sir, or Russia."

Fortunately for his master's diffi culty maintained composure, two things happened to distract attention. He got his message on the telephone and the ringing doorbell removed Rankin.

Was the young spendthrift's call was brief. "What's that, again?" he asked the restaurant man anxiously. "Er—what? Twenty-three hundred and twenty-three dollars?"

"The what? Oh, the . . . vintage! Is that so? . . . Mr. . . . not a all Twenty-three hundred is all right. It would be the same to me if you had said—er—twenty-three thousand."

Having hung up the receiver, he sagged down in his chair disconsolate ly.

"Twenty-three! Twenty-three!" he murmured. "And . . . the butler speaks Japanese! I can't win a bet! I'll never forget this day!"

He rose and paced the room, then paused and gazed at the wall calendar.

"The thirteenth of the month! No wonder."

He threw the offending Harrison Fisher girl into the grate, as Rankin, returning, announced a persistent visitor who had declared that he would wait when he had been assured that Mr. Jones was out. Jackson examined the man's card.

"Peter Pembroke!" he mused, puzzled. "Where have I heard the name before?"

"He appears to be a man of some importance, sir."

"And he knows I'm in?"

Rankin nodded.



"Great Heavens!"

"Oh, well; bring him in. It can't be any worse," He called to Wallace.

"Bob! Oh, Bob! When you get that total add twenty-three hundred and twenty-three dollars to it."

"What for?"

"That—vin—tago," Broadway answered bitterly, as his visitor came in. "Of course you expected me," were his first words. "My name is Pembroke."

Broadway was puzzled. "Expected you?"

"Didn't Judge Spotswood wire you that I'd call?"

"Spotswood?"

"Yes, of course."

"Oh, I know whom you mean, of course. No; he didn't wire."

"That's strange. I talked with him over the long-distance phone less than an hour ago, and he told me he had wired you early this morning."

"No," said Broadway definitely. "I can't understand it."

"Hold on, Rankin! He hand me a wire. I read it." Broadway searched the table, then his pockets and finally discovered the crumpled and unopened telegram snuggled next his watch.

"You have my deepest sympathy, Mr. Jones," said Pembroke unctuously, as he was tearing off the envelope and.

"Have it!" Jackson was surprised.

"You must certainly have, sir. I know your uncle very well. A fine and able man."

"Um—er—yes. He is abroad."

Pembroke nodded with an unctious rapidly increasing. "Yes. How and that it should happen while he was among mere strangers!"

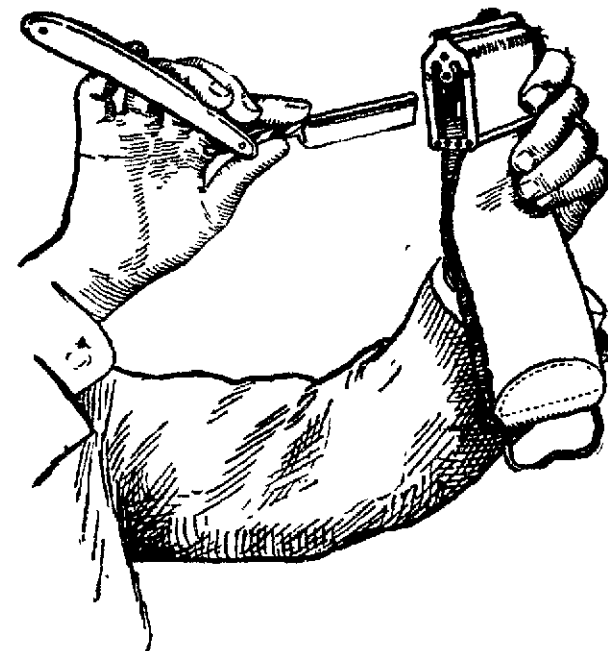
Jackson looked at him, not comprehending in the least, and then turned his attention to the neglected telegram.

"Cable from Mr. Graham, London, England, announcing your uncle's demise, received last night. His last will and testament made prior to his falling place, you in possession of the estate. His said: 'Rankin, my business, his every earthly possession he leaves unconditionally to you. His

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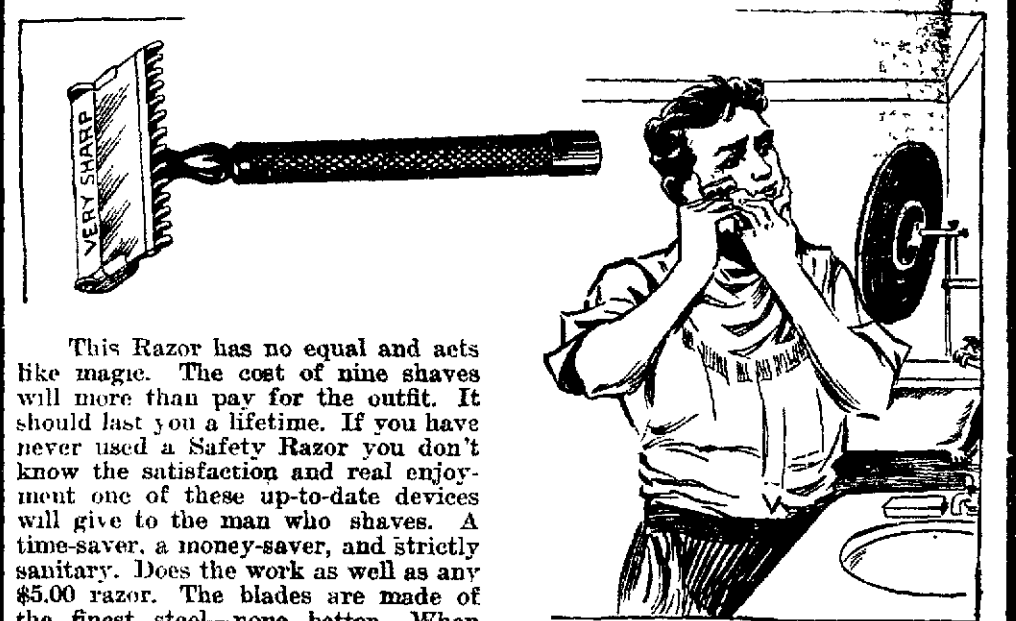


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sults as a man. This Strop will positively sharpen and keep sharp any razor in the world which does not require grinding.



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It Pays to be a Reader of The Courier

nephew and only heir. Shall I come to New York, or expect you here? Pembroke will call on you today. Answer at once."

Broadway scarcely had the strength with which to raise his head after he had read this mighty news. So his uncle had relented at the end!

"Great . . . heavens!"

"I'm awfully sorry for you, young man," said Pembroke sympathetically. "Jackson was surprised. Evidently the man knew nothing of the trust ment which his uncle had invariably given him while he still lived. 'You are'."

"Ah, yes; but it is something through which we must all go in this life."

"What? Go through all he had? Never! I'll never go through all of that if I once really get it."

"He was worth his weight in gold," said Pembroke still sympathetically. "How much did it total, do you know?" asked Broadway practically.

"That I can't say. We offered him twelve hundred thousand for his business and good-will less than two months ago. The proposition still holds good. Mr. Jones We stand ready to close the deal in forty-eight hours."

"I—er—realize that in your time of trouble and grief it is hardly right to discuss business, but it is vitally important that we bring the matter to a closing point by Saturday noon, as we are considering, at the same time, the purchasing of the Sprucecrest company. Our preference leans toward the Jones gum, but—"

Broadway, wide-eyed and speechless for the moment, gazed at him with

stopping jaw. "Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Who is he? Who stands ready with this offer?"

"The company of which I have the honor to be second vice-president Mr. Jones—the Consolidated Chewing Gum Company of America."

Jackson approached him with an air so serious that it was almost fearful. This change in the aspect of affairs had been so sudden that he was somewhat overcome.

"Hold on. Let me get this clear. Your people want to buy the Jones Gum?"

"We do."

"For twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars?"

"The top price."

After an instant's pause in which he looked his lips with nervous tongue, and stood poised as if to spring upon his visitor: "Where's the money? Have you got it with you?"

"I can get my lawyers together within an hour, if you are ready to close the deal."

Jackson was in a fever of excitement. "Well, come on then. Let's get them. What are you waiting for? Let's get this all over with as quickly as we can."

"Do you mean business?"

"Certainly I mean business," Jackson gazed at him with definite reproach. "Don't I look like a business man?" He displayed the seal coat Rankin had laid out for him that morning. "Look at this business suit!" He felt in his pocket, found what he sought and was extremely satisfied. "And I've got a lead pencil and every-

thing. Certainly I mean business."

"You'll sign the articles today?"

"For twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars I'd sign a murderer's confession!"

Pembroke who never smiled, looked at his watch. "It's twelve o'clock."

"Is it?"

"We'll meet here at two."

"I'll be right here, waiting."

"Will you shake hands with me?"

"Sure! I'll kiss you if you want me to."

Even this would not divert Pembroke to frivolity. "Mr. Jones, you're doing business with a great company," Jackson nodded. "You're the greatest company I've ever met."

"Two, then. Don't forget—two!"

"Twelve! Don't forget—twelve!"

"Good-by!"

"Good-by!"

Jackson went with him to the elevator, watching his every movement with something which approached in its brooding care an anxious mother's. "Be careful when you cross the street! Good-by!"

Returning to the table, he once more read the magic telegram. "That's the first time I knew that they could telegraph from heaven," he said fervently, just as Rankin entered.

"I told the chef, sir," said the butler, "and he says—"

"Never mind what he says. You tell him he must stay I wouldn't have him go for all the world. Go out and raise his salary and give him my regards. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

(To Be Continued.)

